

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND,"—*Copper.*



A SENTRY, WITH LOADED MUSKET AND FIXED BAYONET, STOOD ON THE BALCONY.

## THE RIVAL HEIRS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning Florence Westby was closeted with the squire. Something exceedingly confidential was supposed to be passing, for both Mrs. Cotham and the nurse were excluded. If it were not about his will, what could it be? On that subject the whole household, indeed the whole village, were in a fever of expectation; half the shire knew that the squire had sent for his two heirs to choose between them; the servants and tenants in Maywood Hall and lands had a special interest in

knowing his decision, and public opinion had been swaying to and fro ever since the pair arrived, building on signs as small as ever diplomatists noted, now for the lady's, now for the gentleman's success. Each had their partisans in Hall and village. Without effort or endeavour, they had got friends and enemies, who went powerfully for and against their respective causes; and it was observable—perhaps to be expected—that while all the women voted for Mr. Lansdale, most of the men espoused Miss Westby's interest.

Her private conference with the squire was finished. It is unnecessary to say that it had concerned Captain

Spencer and his mis-sent letter. Jervis Maywood heard the whole truth, and came to the conclusion that she should have nothing more to do with him; and Miss Westby was saying she had formed that resolution, when Mrs. Cotham knocked to ask if Mr. Lansdale might come in and see the squire. He had been shooting all the morning, for the rain was over, and had actually bagged a fine partridge, which the commercial man displayed with some triumph, to the squire's great amusement. Lansdale was not jealous of his rival's private conference; but he remarked how unobtrusively she smoothed down the pillow, arranged the coverlet, and put everything in order. He could not help thinking what a kindly wife she would make, and believing it was not all done for Maywood Manor. The squire seemed to think the same way, for he looked kindly at her as she went out of the room, and said, "Mind you come back in the evening to tell me another story—better than the one you have told me this morning."

The evening found his small household company assembled round Mr. Maywood's sofa in the porch-room. He said that morning's conversation with Miss Westby had put him in spirits. Lansdale thought it had the contrary effect on her. She had been grave and silent at dinner, took an early opportunity of retiring to her own room, like one who had something to think over; but the London lady was all herself again when she appeared before the squire.

"Well, Miss Westby, what story have you got to tell us this evening? It must be better than your morning one, mind; what paper is that you have got in your hand?" She had come armed with a periodical.

"I won't listen to reading," said the squire.

"There is a curious story in it, sir, about two officers making their escape from a French prison."

"Oh yes, there are many kinds of escapes in the world. I knew people who made escapes from worse than that;" and the squire looked quizzical.

"What does he mean?" thought Lansdale; but Miss Westby looked hard into the magazine, and said, "It is very well worth hearing, sir; and if you allow me, I'll take another glance over it, and then tell the tale, since you don't like reading."

"Do, do," said the squire; "I always like your stories." The glance was soon taken; Miss Westby had a good memory, as all teachers should have, and, laying the magazine on a distant table, that it might not offend the squire's eyes with the idea of being read to, she rehearsed in the following manner:—

#### AN ESCAPE FROM A FRENCH PRISON.

It was soon after the declaration of war between England and the French Republic, that an English 18-gun sloop was cruising in the Channel, and every now and then stretching across to the French coast to look out for prizes and to reconnoitre. On one of these visits to the enemy's shores she sighted a large merchant-ship at anchor in a snug bay, about a quarter of a mile from a heavy fort. Immediately a desire was conceived to board the sloop—to "cut her out." The circumstance of her being somewhat protected by the fort, made the service more desirable as being more dangerous. The water was too shallow to admit of the sloop of war entering the bay, but it was resolved to stand off till evening, and then to stand in, and under the cover of a dark night to despatch a large boat with two officers and twelve men to cut out the French vessel; or, if that were not practicable, to scuttle or set fire to her. Accordingly, at six bells, in the first watch, the boat shoved off for a pull of nearly five miles. The night was pitch

dark, the oars of course were muffled, and the strictest silence was observed, as the boat crept cautiously under the outside of the headland, inside of which the prize was lying. Here the men rested awhile to refresh themselves, and to see all ready for boarding before they entered the bay. The sea was sufficiently phosphorescent to betray the dip of the oars and the wake of the boat; but the English trusted to the probable want of vigilance on board the securely anchored craft at that silent hour of night, and so they swept quietly round the promontory, and fairly entered the bay. Unhappily for the success of the enterprise, the watch on board the French vessel was keeping a sharp look-out, for (as it appeared afterwards) the English ship had been seen from the fort when she stood in, in the morning, and sufficient suspicion had been created by her manœuvring, to lead to the precaution of sending a few gunners on board, and mounting a heavy gun on the forecastle of the merchant-vessel. Consequently, the boat had scarcely come full in view, when a well-directed discharge of grape and canister rushed right into the eyes of her. The effect was terrific; in a moment nine out of the fourteen were either killed or desperately wounded, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the shattered boat went down, and left the remaining five struggling for life in the water.

The two officers were excellent swimmers; and, releasing themselves from the belt which held their swords and pistols, they struck out very gently (so as not to cause a ripple) for the merchant-vessel. They had not gone more than fifty yards, when another fearful discharge of grape and canister whistled over them, and most likely killed the three seamen, who were struggling at the spot where the boat sank, for they were never after seen alive. The two officers swam under the quarter of the vessel, and hung on by her rudder-chains until all seemed quiet, when they both got into a small boat, which was under her stern, and there remained unobserved till the morning. Soon after daylight a man looked over the ship's stern, and seeing the officers in the small boat, raised such an alarm that four or five men ran aft with loaded pistols; but one of the officers, who spoke French fluently, called out in that language, "What! are brave Frenchmen afraid of unarmed men? Don't be alarmed, we won't hurt you; don't you see we are wet through, and without arms?" and they stood up in the boat, and stretched out their hands to show they had no weapons. This appeal was very clever, for the French are very sensitive to any reflection upon their honour or courage, and when the officer said, "What! are you afraid of unarmed men?" they lowered their pistols, as if they were ashamed of the demonstration they had made, and, hauling the boat alongside, beckoned the officers on board, and paid them all the attention due to brave enemies in distress. So soon as they were refreshed with food, and had dried their clothes, they were taken on shore to the commandant of the fort, to whom they frankly told their object in coming into the bay, and that they were the only two out of fourteen who had escaped the murderous fire of that one gun.

When the officer in command of the fort learnt the rank of his prisoners, he treated them courteously, but nevertheless kept them confined in a small room, with a sentry constantly over them; but after a few days a detachment of his men was relieved, and ordered to a garrison inland, and the prisoners were sent under their escort. They marched for some days, and at every place they came to the prisons appeared to be filled, and a feeling of apprehension and terror pervaded the population.

At length, being passed on from place to place, they arrived at Valenciennes, which was about eighty miles from the coast where their disaster had happened; and here they were placed in a room at the head of a staircase which was outside the building. The door of this "room on the wall," as it might be termed, opened from a good-sized landing-place or balcony, upon which a gendarme paced to and fro, keeping guard over them; the window of the room, which was iron-barred, looked out upon the sentry's balcony, and commanded a full view of the street; and they were given distinctly to understand that the gendarme, whose musket was loaded, and bayonet fixed, would assuredly shoot them or run them through if they attempted to escape.

They had been imprisoned upwards of a week, and began to feel the confinement exceedingly irksome, when one night they peeped through the window, and saw the sentry sitting on the balcony rail, wrapped up in his great-coat, and evidently dozing.

"If we could only get at that fellow," said Ramsay to Millman, his fellow prisoner, "and pitch him over the balusters, he would tell no tales, and we might cut out of this dog-hole, for we shall die from the want of something to do if we remain here much longer; and the country, too, is in such a state, that we might be eaten by the rats, and nobody would care a straw about it."

"If you are anxious to escape, who are a single man, what must I be who have a wife and two little chaps at Harwich? My only hope is, that she may not hear from the ship. But do you think, Ramsay, it would be right to kill our Cerberus?"

"Right? My dear Mill! Right? I only wish I had a chance. Wouldn't he kill us if our attempt failed? O yes, old boy, it's all right in war; they did not offer us our parole, and if they had, we would not have pledged our honour that we would not escape; and, under these circumstances, it is quite legitimate to escape if we can, and we ought to have no squeamishness about it."

"My dear fellow," replied Millman, "I have no qualms, only I would rather not kill the man if we could manage without it."

"Well, for that matter, so would I; but if we get a chance, I'll pitch him over."

"All right; and as we don't know when a chance may offer, let this be our word for action, *Home!* These people have no word in their language which conveys the full meaning of that magic English word; and suppose we use it in every emergency? Let our rallying cry be *Home!*"

"Agreed," said Ramsay, who was a Scotchman; and he smiled, in the dark, at his English friend's mixing his habitual romantic feelings with so life and death a matter as the subject of escape involved. The friends shook hands, bade each other good night, and turned in by the light of the moon.

Another week passed away, and the prisoners were sitting looking at the shops, which had not yet closed for the night, when they were startled by the distant sound of a military band; the music swelled louder as it came nearer, and presently from their window they saw indistinctly—for the moon had not yet risen—a vast mob accompanying a large body of soldiers, who were marching after the band. Ramsay seized Millman's hand, and whispered, "Look out! if we can only get that sleepy fellow to open the door two inches, do you help me to widen the breach, and leave him to me." They tapped at the window, which was their method of calling the sentry's attention when they wanted anything; and the sentry, who had risen from his seat at the noise of the

approaching procession, opened the door a very little, placing his foot and the butt of his musket against it outside, as he demanded what they wanted. "*Home!*" cried Ramsay, and both the young men rushed at the door, and forced it open. In another instant the sentry was in the powerful grasp of Ramsay; and before he could utter a cry, he was flying over the balcony. They immediately ran down the stairs, and in the inclosure at the foot lay the gendarme, perfectly insensible. Millman picked up the man's cap, and eased him of his great-coat, putting them on himself, as a disguise. In a few seconds more, they had mingled with the mob, and were marching towards the suburbs, where the troops were to be quartered.

After proceeding some distance, they separated from the crowd, and turned down a cross street. Here Ramsay waited in a dark corner, whilst Millman walked boldly into a general dealer's shop, in which he saw an elderly woman, and purchased a bagful of provisions, a few useful articles, and some wine; then, rejoining his companion, they continued to the end of that street, and found themselves on the high-road. They walked on leisurely till they were fairly clear of the town, and then started across the country at a good pace. They travelled some hours, until they came to a wood, which they entered, and walked through till the morning began to dawn, when they sat down upon a fallen tree, and made a hearty meal, over which they consulted what was best to be done. Millman considered that they should widen the distance between their late prison and themselves, as long as they could drag a foot; but Ramsay exercised a keener judgment. "Listen to me, old boy," said he; "at eight bells in the first watch last night, you know, the guard went their rounds to relieve our late sentry, amongst others; and of course they discovered the gendarme was off his post, and the caged birds were flown. Now, you may depend upon it there has been a regular hunt for us through the night; and although the morning has scarcely unbuttoned her eyelids, they are already in hot pursuit, and will scour the country, beat up this wood, and strain every means to catch us, dead, or alive, or on horseback; and if they do ferret us out, my dear Mill, they'll make mince-meat of us; therefore, I think our best plan is to look out for a couple of trees in the fullest leaf, and climb them, and secrete ourselves for the entire day; and when darkness and a hard day's hunting shall make the bloodhounds go to kennel for the night, we will get under weigh, and by to-morrow morning we'll be regularly to windward of them; but we must not delay, for, if they are not here in quarter less no time, it is most likely because they have found the soldier's great-coat and cap, which you left in the high-road, and that has put them on the wrong scent for a little while. But so soon as they have scoured a few miles along the road without meeting any trace of us, they'll probably guess we are steering to the northward, and direct their attention this way; so come along before the sun gets up and betrays our whereabouts."

The two friends walked briskly along, choosing places where their footsteps could not be traced, until they came to a suitable tree, up which Ramsay climbed in a very short time, and so perfectly concealed himself, that his companion looked up in every direction, but could not see a bit of him. Millman took the bearings of the tree very carefully by sundry marks, and then proceeded cautiously, till he found a majestic tree to shelter himself. By thus splitting the risk of being taken, the friends hoped that one, at least, might escape; for they felt convinced they could expect no quarter if they were captured.



Millman, then, had not been many minutes concealed in the fork, formed by two enormous branches covered with foliage, when he was fast asleep, and, doubtless, Ramsay slept likewise; for many seamen have the most extraordinary facility of going to sleep, even under circumstances of incessant noise or impending danger; indeed, from the narrator's personal experience, he believes that there is no exaggeration in that beautiful soliloquy:

"O, sleep! O, gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,\*  
That, with the burly, Death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all the appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king?"

It was long past noon when Millman was suddenly awoken by the report of fire-arms. His first thoughts were of Ramsay; and as he listened breathlessly, he heard shouts and occasional reports, but they were so distant that his fears for his friend subsided, and he came to the conclusion that the pursuers were scouring the wood and firing into suspicious looking trees. When he was satisfied that the sounds were distant, and that they grew fainter, he took off his hat and coat, cut a few leafy twigs, which he stuck round his neck, inside the collar of his shirt, so as to form a sort of bower to conceal his head and shoulders, and especially his face. Then he proceeded to ascend the tree as high as he safely could, and to take a careful survey all round, far and near. At about a quarter of a mile distant, he saw the boundary of one side of the wood, and after a while some horsemen emerged from that part, and rode at a smart trot along the head-land of a field of corn: they were evidently searching, and at the same time watching that, if the prisoners should be driven out of the wood, they might be ready to ride them down. Millman having gained so much information, retreated to his fork, and felt secure, because he considered that they might even fire a volley into his tree and never hit him from below. So he coolly made his dinner off some biscuit and sausage he had in his pocket, coiled himself up in his hiding-place, and calmly waited the issue. The shouts sometimes approached very near; but at length the sun went down. Evening cast her veil over pursuers and pursued; the wood no longer echoed the savage shouts; the pursuers wended their way back, filled with rage and disappointment, whilst the pursued prepared to take advantage of the friendly darkness to continue their course, which they had all along shaped towards the north-west coast.

How sad it is that we hear nothing about lifting the heart to God, in these perilous and exciting scenes, no supplication for grace and protection, and, alas! no thanksgiving for protection afforded without solicitation; but in those days the light of true religion burned very feebly. France decreed that "Death is eternal sleep" should be inscribed over the entrance of her burying-grounds, and her people applauded the sentiment; and in England's navy how very few young men would have had the courage to brave scorn by confessing Christ! Not very long ago, the narrator was present at a dinner given by a naval commander-in-chief, and shortly after

the company retired to the drawing-room, a young naval officer, who had lately lost his father, and had been brought to the knowledge of Christ in the time of his affliction, came to the group amongst which we were standing, and, shaking hands with two of them, bade them good night. "What's come over him?" said a colonel to a post-captain; "his father's death seems to have completely changed his character."

"Oh, 'tisn't that," said the captain: "the poor fellow is cracked;" and he tapped his forehead with his finger, to intimate that the young man was mad.

"You don't mean that?" said the colonel.

"It is true—at least, so 'tis said; it's religion—religious, you know, poor fellow!"

There is no doubt that God and his holy word are not so much despised as formerly; but even now, in our "enlightened day," are there not many young men and women—ay, and old ones too—who live as if they did not believe that "we *must all* appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

"Stop there, Miss Westby," interrupted, the squire. "Is all that in the book?"

"Every word, and more. I am repeating as near as I can remember the story, as told by a naval officer, who had the narrative from Millman himself. These pious reflections are the words of the writer."

"Well," said the squire, "there are not many sailors of that sort; at least, I have not met with them. He's quite right, though. It's all true in the Bible, though we're apt to be forgetful. God help us to be more mindful."

The squire again put himself into listening attitude, and Miss Westby proceeded with the narrative.

When all was quiet, Millman descended from the tree, and moved noiselessly towards the spot where he had parted from Ramsay. As he approached it, he saw a large, dark figure standing about twenty yards before him, armed, as it appeared, with a musket; he stood still behind a tree, and watched it. Presently the figure began to move in his direction; and, when it came within a few paces, Millman recognised Ramsay, and, in a low voice, cried "Home!" At the sound of the voice, Ramsay instinctively raised the long club with which he was armed, and which his friend had mistaken, in the dark, for a musket; but in another moment the two friends were shaking hands, and laughing heartily at having escaped being "bagged by the French sportsmen." Millman told Ramsay about having climbed his tree, and what he had seen in the distant corn-field.

"I am glad you mentioned that," said Ramsay, "for it is not improbable our friends may have left a picket to watch that side of the wood; therefore our game is, to make our exit at the north end, and be well into the open country before the moon gets up. She does not rise till nearly nine; so, *allons, mon ami!*" and away they trudged in high spirits.

At the end of the wood, they suddenly came upon a farm-house, and were so near that they heard voices within; they passed, however, unobserved, and went off at a brisk trot across the fields. At length the lamp of night mounted into the star-lit sky, and they sat under a hedge and refreshed themselves, talking over their further movements, and mutually agreeing in the necessity of having some plausible account to give of themselves, if so called upon. At last they considered that they might pass for shipwrecked seamen who had to swim for their lives, whilst all the rest of their crew

\* Query, Should not this be "shrouds," i. e. the slippery, wet shrouds, or rigging of the mast of the ship?

perished. Their appearance would bear out such a character, for they had both a suit of plain pilot cloth clothes, with low-crowned tarpauling hats, kept on by a chin-stay, and their faces being covered with hair, was a sign, in those days of smooth faces, of a want of cleanliness the unavoidable neglect of distressed men.

Having finished their supper, they again started off "with a will," the bright north star being their faithful guide in shaping their course. About midnight they came to a broad river, whose swollen discoloured waters flowed rapidly along. This obstacle caused the travellers to pause and consider what was to be done; it was absolutely necessary to cross it if they meant to continue the course they were steering, and the question was, how to reach the opposite bank? If they continued walking on the side on which they were, they would doubtless come to a bridge sooner or later; but bridges were guarded by soldiers in those troublous times, and they would certainly be detained as suspicious persons; and therefore they came to the conclusion that the shortest course was to swim it; when this decision was arrived at, they stripped and made their clothes into as small a parcel as possible, and assisted each other in fastening their bundles to the head, bringing the cord round the neck, passing it under the arms, and securing it over the chest.

Millman took the water first, and Ramsay soon followed. The stream was much wider than it had appeared in the moonlight, and a strong current was running; but Millman was an excellent swimmer, and, with his head and shoulders out of the water, he dashed along and landed safely, having, however, been swept by the current a considerable distance below the spot from which he took off. As soon as he had clambered up the grassy bank, he cast off the bundle from his head and began to untie it; and as he was stooping to do so, he naturally looked to see how Ramsay was getting on. To his surprise he saw he was not more than half across. "Strike out, old boy," he cried; "it's very cold, but there's good landing here, although the water runs deep to the very edge." He listened for Ramsay's voice in return, but no answer came, nor did he seem to be progressing towards the shore, but quietly drifting with the current. "He is floating," thought Millman, and he again called out, "Come along, old fellow; you stand cold better than I, to take it so easy." Still there was no voice. "Ramsay! Ramsay! speak to me. Is anything the matter? Shall I come to you?" shouted Millman; but no answer came. In another second Millman sprang frantically into the river, and had to fight hard against the current to reach his companion; and when he did reach the dark object, which was the more indistinct from the moon being temporarily obscured, he stretched forth his eager hands and grasped an empty boat. Millman described the shock that this gave him as being so terrific, that for the moment he felt paralysed, and was obliged to throw himself upon his back and lie still for some seconds, to recover his presence of mind. This, however, soon returned, and with it much of his indomitable spirit; for he was a man of iron nerve, and immediately resolved to make every effort to recover his friend. First, he dived and groped about the bed of the river; and this he repeated again and again; then he swam a long way with the current, searching stream and banks with his eyes as the again unclouded moon afforded him light; at last he was so benumbed that he was compelled to land, and to admit the sad conviction that Ramsay must have been suddenly seized with cramp, and when under water have been borne away he knew not whither.

It not unfrequently happens, when the heart's hopes are suddenly crushed by an unexpected bereavement,

and we feel hopelessly alone in the world, that the immortal soul assumes its prerogative and turns the mind to God as the never-dying, never-changing source of consolation. Many a child of God can call to remembrance seasons when circumstances have led him to feel that God alone could comfort him, not only under bereavement, when "vain is the help of man," but also under disappointed hopes. If he have been in sorrow which no human voice could touch, has he not heard a still small voice whispering to his soul, "Fear not, I am with thee?" but particularly under the very common infirmity of indulging misery by anticipating evil, how frequently that comforting admonition sounds in the believer's ear—"Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Although Millman had no such experience as this, which is the exclusive privilege of the believer, yet his fearful bereavement made him feel a loneliness indescribable. When he had staggered up the bank, he began to walk, and then to run as hard as he could towards the place where he had left his clothes; he seemed to think that violent exercise would tranquillize his brain; and when he arrived at the spot, he stood with his hands upraised, looking up to the radiant heavens as if asking for help; but he uttered no words. "The heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament showed his handy-work;" but they imparted no gladness or comfort to his soul; for when he withdrew his gaze from heaven, his eyes beheld the moonbeams dancing gaily on the grave of his friend, and the heart of the lonely wanderer sunk within him. "Ramsay, my brave Ramsay, my lion-hearted, generous Ramsay! how shall I tell your widowed mother the fate of her only son?" And the man of iron nerve broke down at last, and wept for the first time since his childhood's days.

#### THE CENSUS OFFICE.

A PEDESTRIAN journeying from Her Majesty's Palace of Westminster to Trafalgar Square, would most likely pass unnoticed a narrow, inconvenient passage, near Charing Cross, terminating in Craig's Court. It is one of those places which, shut out from the hubbub and din always associated with a great thoroughfare, is peculiarly adapted for carrying on an important work, and the wisdom of Her Majesty's Government has been shown in the selection of such a spot for the Census Office of England and Wales.

It is not at all improbable that the public generally have forgotten all about the Census, from the day in which it was taken, in 1861, to the present time. Paterfamilias filled up his schedule to the best of his belief, and thought no more about it; he was not aware that the information which he handed over in a confidential manner to the person who called next morning for it, would be overhauled some four or five times in the following year, and that he would be made to serve certain definite ends of which he had not the remotest idea. But he need not be alarmed: nothing serious will come of it; Paterfamilias is not wanted as a personal man, but only as a social unit in the composition of towns, counties, and the nation at large.

What object can there be in taking the Census? and what becomes of the schedules which were duly filled up on the 7th of April last year? A visit to the Census Office may throw some light on the question.

We must premise in starting, that we do not intend, in the present paper, to give any facts of a statistical character; there is an old adage about catching a hare

before you attempt the cooking process, which is applicable in the case before us; we must get the returns before we publish them, and the returns are not yet published, because they are not yet completed; Craig's Court has not concluded its great work; while we are writing, its pavement resounds to the tread of Census clerks; and organ-grinders, street musicians, melancholy monkeys, and acrobats (who have a strange facility for finding out Government offices) still honour it with their company, and horrify it with their performances.

Previous to the 7th of April, 1861, the work at the Census Office was chiefly preparatory. The service of a few clerks only was required, who were mostly employed in forwarding instructions to the various registrars and sub-registrars of England and Wales (there being distinct offices for Scotland and Ireland, at Edinburgh and Dublin). The appointment of enumerators rested with these registrars, who were required to give full and complete directions as to the work to be done, and to see that each enumerator had rightly fulfilled his appointed task, and that he had correctly transcribed the contents of the schedules in the enumeration book given him for that purpose. During the latter portion of April and the month of May, the clerks were chiefly occupied in arranging money matters and enumerators' accounts—a work of no small difficulty in cases where mileage was paid for, and in districts where houses were few and far between. Meanwhile the work came tumbling in. Bales of schedules, batches of books, tons upon tons of written matter, packages of all sizes, shapes, and makes, coming from all parts of the kingdom; from the tin mines of Cornwall, to the coal districts of the north; from the counties where King Cotton had held court, and from the woollen districts of western England; from the salt mines of Cheshire, from the Potteries of Stafford, from the silken looms of the midland towns, from the hardware manufactories of Birmingham and Sheffield, and from the copper and iron deposits of the Principality.

Along with these bales of business, came batches of clerks; and if any ideas of official repose were associated in the minds of these gentlemen with their admission to a Government office, such notions must have speedily evaporated at the vastness and quality of the work before them. It was to be a constant, dry, mechanical grind for some months to come. Upwards of one hundred clerks were employed upon the Census, and by the month of May the work had really commenced under the strict and able management of the Registrar-General and Commissioners specially appointed by Parliament for that purpose.

The revision of the enumeration books was the first step in the process.

It might be thought that after all the care taken by the enumerators, the work of revision would be an act of supererogation; not so: no department of labour was more necessary, the correctness of all future operations depending upon its performance. To understand this properly, we must remind you that the ages of each male and female were placed in distinct columns, and that the population in the first return issued was ascertained by counting these several ages—not by taking the aggregate of christian names, for these might be common to both sexes, or so badly spelt as to be misunderstood. If, then, it happened that the age of a male should have been placed by mistake in the column assigned to females, or *vice versa*, it is obvious that an error in the population would be the natural result. It was the reviser's duty to see that each age was properly placed in the appointed column, to judge all doubtful cases by a reference to the "described condition" or

relation to the head of family, or by a reference to the occupation of the person concerned, to carry a corrected total to the grand summary, and thus, as far as numbers were concerned, to make everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion."

Nor was this all; the vague and indefinite term "head of family," was in many cases misunderstood by the parties who filled up the original schedules. When it was found that a wife had been styled "head of family," while her husband occupied a humbler position below her, it was no part of the clerk's duty to inquire whether this was the result of accident or design; with a grim smile he would turn the domestic tables, and place her ladyship in a situation more in accordance with her marriage vows. Then there was the delicate question of age to settle; it was no part of the enumerator's duty to alter any statement that he might have received; yet numerous notes of interrogation, attached to certain ages, gave sufficient proof that implicit confidence was not to be placed upon the information forwarded. One enumerator, restraining himself no longer, indignantly wrote of a certain young lady who had described herself as being of tender years, "Forty, if she is a day." Be this as it may, the revisers never altered an age without full and complete proof that such an alteration was necessary. If, for instance, the age of each parent was given at thirty, while that of a numerous family ranged from twenty downwards, it was apparent that an error existed somewhere, which it was the reviser's duty to rectify. Then, again, in numerous instances no ages whatever were given; people either could not or would not supply the required statements: they were not, therefore, numbered in the original return; the reviser had, therefore, to estimate a certain age, and in doing this he was to be guided by the circumstances, condition, and occupation of the person named. Thus, if a wife's age was omitted, he was to assume an age from that of the husband; if a child's, from that of the parents; a sister's from a brother, and so on; but, in all cases where nothing occurred to help the reviser—such, for instance, as inmates of lunatic asylums, travellers who might have been staying part of the night at hotels, and who had left before the schedules were filled up, tramps, vagrants, and outdoor wanderers—certain rules were laid down by the authorities, which were to be strictly observed.

Another part of the reviser's duty related to the number of houses inhabited or uninhabited, and to the proper uses which were to be assigned to public buildings. Especial care was taken that families who merely occupied apartments in a house were not confounded with the great body of householders in the kingdom; that all shops, warehouses, "lock-ups," and buildings described as being uninhabited, were really places in which people were not accustomed to live or sleep; and that no chapel, school-house, lecture-hall, or public building, should be taken as an inhabited house, unless there was ample proof that it was so used. The reason of an inquiry of this nature is apparent; information is especially needed, for sanitary and other purposes, as to the proportion of families dwelling in a house, and the number of houses belonging to a town. The Census of 1851 informs us that in Great Britain there were 3,648,347 inhabited houses, and that they were occupied in the proportion of 5706 persons in 1182 families to every 1000 dwellings. Now, during the last ten years, the sanitary movement has wonderfully progressed; railways have destroyed whole streets of houses, changing the surface of society, and scattering its elements hither and thither. Have houses increased in proportion to the wants of the people, or are the lower classes still huddled together in



disproportionate masses in the stifling courts and filthy passages with which all great cities abound? We are waiting for the answer.

The next stage of the work was that known officially as "abstracting the conditions," the precise object of which was to find the relative ages of husband and wife, and the proportionate number of widows and widowers living in the several towns of England and Wales. To arrive at this conclusion, the abstractor was provided with sheets of paper, ruled from top to bottom, and from right to left; these lines would form squares, which were apportioned to certain ages from fifteen (the lowest marriageable age) to twenty, and so on up to a hundred. A small "tick" or mark ( | ) placed in a square would represent the united ages of both husband and wife; thus, if the husband's age was thirty and the wife's thirty-five, the abstractor would select the perpendicular space of thirty, and come down the lines till he met the horizontal space of thirty-five, which would be the proper position in which to define the united ages of both parties. For facilities in casting, every fifth tick or mark was placed obliquely across the previous four, and this plan was adopted in all future stages of the work. Besides the spaces already referred to, there were places assigned for wives whose husbands might have been absent on the night of the Census, also for husbands who might have been similarly situated with regard to their "better halves." Added to this, there were columns in which widows and widowers were ticked according to their respective ages; and when all these several spaces were cast into one grand total, you would have before you, in a small compass, the matrimonial history of the town or district which the sheet represented. A check was placed upon the abstractor's work, to prove its correctness, by adding together from the enumeration book the several totals of the parties already named, both book and sheet being made to correspond.

The principal difficulty in this branch of work arose from the fact, that in very many cases the real condition of the person to be abstracted was either wrongly described in the enumeration book, or else not described at all. Very often aged females would be termed "unmarried," being at the same time not only heads of families themselves, but mothers of children who had entered the married state; in all such instances they were treated as widows, unless there was proof to the contrary. With regard to young women returned as single, yet having one or two children, no alteration was made. Happily, these cases were of rare occurrence. It will be found also that the relative ages of man and wife bore a fair proportion to each other, that of the husband generally exceeding but slightly that of the wife; now and then May would be found allied with December; but this was only an exception to the general rule.

All information of this nature must be useful for statistical purposes, the prosperity of a town, as well as a country, being evidenced by the number of its married people. Who knows how many faithful, loving hearts in poor, suffering Lancashire are now watching, waiting, and hoping for the dawn of brighter days to come?

Abstracting birthplaces formed the next stage of operations carried on at the Census Office. This was done with a view to ascertain more particularly the growth and increase of towns from extraneous sources; also to find out the number of foreigners in England, the countries from which they had come, what they were doing here, whether they had settled down into families, or were isolated in condition, and as likely to leave the country as to remain in it; also to furnish a history of the ages and employments of all the blind, and deaf,

and dumb persons in the kingdom, separating those born thus afflicted from those who had been thus visited by accident or disease.

This, though a simple, was not an unimportant part of Census work. Viewing England in its relation to Scotland and Ireland, the returns under this head will show at once how many persons have crossed the northern border, or have emigrated from the sister isle; and while Government may, on the one hand, furnish details respecting the number of British subjects who may have left her shores during the last ten years, the Census of 1861 will show how many foreigners have arrived to fill up the places thus vacated. In local matters, too, we may have on a birthplace sheet the commercial history of every town. In these days of keen enterprise, a town may spring up with startling rapidity; witness the rapid rise of Birkenhead, not one inhabitant out of ten (over twenty years of age) being born in the county of Cheshire.

The growth and increase of towns is likewise affected by the development of railway enterprise, the discovery of new manufactures, the advantages of situation; and when these fail, fashion, which is generally arbitrary in its choice, may create another Bath, and build another Brighton. In purely agricultural districts, on the contrary, scarcely an inhabitant was found on the Census day who was not born in the county in which he was then residing. In the county of Yorkshire (the towns excepted) whole pages of the enumeration book might be turned over before the abstractor could find a single case to transfer to the sheet before him. How vastly different in London, which, like some mighty whirlpool, draws all men from all parts within its limits!

Some valuable information will also be afforded respecting the employments of foreigners resident in England. Italy has provided us with organ-grinders and image-sellers; Germany with a more noisy, if not more respectable class of musicians, besides tailors, pork-butchers, bread and sugar bakers. Poland sends us glaziers and refugee counts. Switzerland, watch and clock makers. Greece provides us with merchants, and France now, as in the days of the first Revolution, continues to furnish us with linguists and professional teachers.

Abstracting the occupations of the people of England and Wales generally, is the last and greatest portion of Census work to which we shall refer. To every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, a specific place was assigned on certain large sheets, prepared and ruled by the Government printers for that purpose; distinct sheets were provided for males and females, each sheet representing a sub-district, or part of a sub-district, as the case might be; and none were omitted, from the infant described as "only just born," to the aged man or woman who had outlived a century.

The male occupation sheets professed to give a description of the employments of every male in the place which it represented; it was half as large again as that of the female. The name of every conceivable trade or employment under the sun was printed upon it, arranged under classes comprising the professional, domestic, commercial, agricultural, industrial, non-productive, and persons of no stated occupation. These were divided into eighteen great orders, each distinct order being again divided into numerous sub-orders, space being left in the margin for supplemental and indefinite cases, which the abstractor could not satisfactorily determine in his own mind. The process by which occupations were abstracted was similar to that which had already taken place with respect to "conditions and birthplaces;" a small tick

being placed upon the line corresponding with the employment specified in perpendicular columns, marking out the age. The immense number of trades, professions, and employments printed upon a sheet, necessitated that the spaces should be small indeed, and required a neatness of work and quickness of eyesight which all abstractors did not equally possess. When the results of an enumeration book had been ticked upon a sheet, each space was cast by another set of clerks in another room, the whole being severally tabulated to get the gross results. In abstracting occupations both male and female, the person employed had to distinguish in certain spaces on the sheet, all children described as scholars, from those who were only staying at home; to specify the number of persons employed in national, colonial, and local government; in the church, the army, and the navy; in law, literature, and commerce; in science, art, and education; on railways, roads, and rivers; in agriculture and animals; in the great manufactures of cotton, wool, worsted, silk, hemp, flax, paper, glass, clay, skins, straw, and hair; in mines of coal, iron, tin, copper, lead, and salt; in all departments of general labour; and to assign a place for all vagrants, gipsies, and persons of no stated occupation.

The female sheets were arranged to show at a glance the number and age of wives having no specific occupation of their own, of widows, and of domestic servants, in addition to those employed in the various departments of female manufacture and labour in all parts of England. The wives of farmers, publicans, inn and lodging-house keepers, butchers, shoemakers, and undefined shopkeepers, were always described as such, it being rightly supposed that they were intimately associated with the management and control of their husband's business.

Other work, besides that to which we have alluded, has been carried on at the Census Office. Returns have been received from the Foreign Office, and from the colonies, through the medium of naval and military authorities, officers of the coast-guard service, and registrars of merchant seamen. Much information of a local character has also been collected, referring principally to the arrangement of ecclesiastical districts, and the boundaries of parliamentary and municipal boroughs, which has involved an amount of labour, and required the exercise of great care and skill. Much remains to be accomplished; after all said, only the roughest work has been done; the great mass of information is yet to be moulded into shape and visibility; and when thus moulded, the "reading of proof" must precede the publication of particulars, which, it is hoped, will throw much valuable light upon the social history of Great Britain during the last ten years.

#### GEORGE PEABODY.

In this world of human vicissitude and variety, it is natural, perhaps necessary, that some should be richer than others; but to be prosperous is not to be superior, and to be wealthy is not necessarily to be great. "Every good man," says an American writer, "should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward—the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will." Such has not been the effect of belonging to the caste of wealth, on the character or disposition of George Peabody. He has added greatness to fortune, by supporting the distressed and assisting

the poor. In short, he seems to have estimated riches at their proper value, holding them only in the light of talents committed to a steward.

This gentleman is an American, and the descendant of one of those self-denying "Pilgrim Fathers," who, in 1620, "for conscience sake," expatriated themselves from this country. He was born, in 1795, in Danvers, in the state of Massachusetts; and, judging by the limited extent of his education, and the early period at which he was launched upon the world, his parents must have been in comparatively humble circumstances. The amount of his learning was no more than such as could be acquired at a common district school; and at the age of eleven he was, in his native town, entered in a grocer's store, where he remained for four years. After this he passed a year in the state of Vermont, with his grandfather, who seems to have been a farmer, or, at all events, in some way engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was about sixteen years of age, when he was taken by an uncle to Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, where he passed upwards of two years more of his life. He may now be considered to have seen a little of the world, and, being a native of the state of Massachusetts, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he enjoyed a fair, if not a full, share of the energy, public spirit, and enterprise characteristic of the sons born under that star of the Union. It will be recollected by our readers that this state was the first to resist what was deemed the oppression of the mother country; that she furnished more men and more money to carry on the revolutionary war than any other colony; that her high schools and colleges are more numerous and better endowed by private munificence than those of any other state; and that her people are distinguished for the liberality with which they support literary, humane, and religious institutions. Had these virtues required confirmation in this country, they would have found it in the character and conduct of George Peabody.

From Massachusetts to Vermont is but a step, as they adjoin each other. We ourselves have on foot wandered over much of them both, and still recall many of the beautiful scenes in which they abound, and the many far-away prospects we enjoyed from the summits of their Green Mountains. The male inhabitants of Vermont are called Green Mountain boys, and were famous for their exploits during the revolutionary war; and many is the tale which even the present generation can tell of the "hair-breadth 'scares" made by their forefathers whilst engaged in that resolute struggle for independence. Here the grocer's youth from Danvers would drink in some of these, as we have done, by the blazing wood fire, and have his courage awakened and his spirit of enterprise quickened for the battle of life, in which, even in a commercial sense, conquests are to be made, and defeats may be sustained. From Vermont he went to Columbia, which is only a small district of ten miles square, but which is the seat of the general government of the United States—considering them as still united, though at present dissevered—having in 1790 been ceded by Maryland and Virginia for that purpose. Here, in Georgetown, he passed other two years in business with his uncle, from whom, however, he then separated, to become a partner with Mr. Elisha Riggs, in the dry-goods trade. In this partnership Mr. Riggs supplied the cash-capital, and Mr. Peabody the business-talent capital, which, by the way, is generally the more valuable of the two. In the following year, the new partners removed their house to Baltimore, where they would find a wider field for operations than they had at Georgetown, which had then only a small population.





(From a photograph.)

In their new situation they soon found that they had ample room for the development of their energies. Baltimore, although not the capital of Maryland, was the largest city in the state, the fourth in the Union in point of population, the commercial emporium of extensive districts in Pennsylvania and the Western States, and one of the greatest flour-markets in the world. It stands in a bay of a river still famed for its fast-sailing schooners, which are called Baltimore clippers. Here, then, was every circumstance calculated to favour commercial enterprise, and the result was, in the case of Messrs. Riggs and Peabody, that in seven years they were enabled to establish branch houses in Philadelphia and New York.

In 1827, Mr. Peabody for the first time crossed the Atlantic, to purchase goods of British manufacture, and we have no doubt that his commercial views were expanded under the influence of what he beheld in this country, and his ambition stimulated to enlarge the scope of his own transactions. Two years afterwards, Mr. Riggs retired, and Mr. Peabody became the senior partner of the house. He now reaped the fruits of

his perseverance, industry, and enterprise; but although he had attained a high position in the commercial world, he had not yet accumulated the vast wealth which fortune had still in store for him. In Maryland he had become a man of note, and was intrusted by the citizens of that state with the conduct of several important financial negotiations. These, so to speak, were favourable winds that still helped to swell the sails of success, and in 1837 he took up his permanent abode in England. In 1843 he withdrew from the firm of Peabody, Riggs and Co., and founded a banking-house in London. Before this, however—in 1837—he had rendered valuable assistance towards the maintenance of American credit on this side of the Atlantic. His banking-house soon became the established head-quarters of his countrymen resident in or passing through London, and the centre of American news. His dinners, given on the 4th of July, at the "Star and Garter," Richmond, became, in a manner, public events, and served to bring American and English gentlemen together, and to bind still closer the bonds of sympathy between what we shall here call the British stem and the American branch of the great

Anglo-Saxon race. If in all this the policy of Mr. Peabody appears, to a sinister mind, to have been selfish or interested, it was certainly hospitable. We have not heard of an English millionaire having ever done anything of the kind in America, although it may have been done without its having come within the sphere of our knowledge.

Whilst enjoying this extraordinary tide of success, it is interesting to hear from his own pen the nature of the schemes of beneficence which, from an early period, had frequently formed the subjects of Mr. Peabody's thoughts. On the 12th of March, 1862, whilst giving publicity to one of the most munificent acts on record, he wrote: "I am desirous to explain, that should my labours be blessed with success, I would devote a portion of the property thus acquired to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare and comfort of my fellow-men, wherever, from circumstances or location, their claims upon me would be the strongest.

"A kind Providence has continued me in prosperity, and consequently, in furtherance of my resolution, I in the year 1852 founded an institute and library for the benefit of the people of the place of my birth, in the town of Danvers, in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which has proved in every respect most beneficial to the locality and gratifying to myself."

The foundation of this institute cost originally 20,000 dollars, but the additions which Mr. Peabody has made to it have raised the sum to 60,000 dollars.

"After an absence of twenty years," he continues, "I visited my native land in 1857, and founded in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland (where more than twenty years of my business life had been passed), an institute upon a much more extended scale, devoted to science and the arts, with a free library, coinciding with the character of the institution. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the building is now completed, but its dedication has been postponed in consequence of the unhappy sectional differences at present prevailing in the United States."

The sum advanced for the establishment of this institution was 500,000 dollars, and the objects intended to be promoted by it are science, literature, and the fine arts. Mr. Peabody continues:—

"It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a 'stranger' or in a 'strange land,' for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my views, as well of duty as of inclination, to follow the path which I had heretofore marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past, repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life was spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London. Among those friends are three of the number to whom I have now the honour to address this letter. To my particular friend C. M. Lampson, Esq., I first mentioned the subject five years ago. My next conversations in relation to it were held about three years since, with my esteemed friend Sir James Emerson Tennent, and with my partner, J. S. Morgan, Esq. I also availed myself of opportunities to consult the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and with all these gentlemen I have since freely conversed upon the subject in a way to confirm that original intention."

We have now arrived at the crowning act of Mr. Pea-

boddy's beneficence—an act which we should suppose capable of warming the heart of the coldest piece of human clay that has living existence, and of almost extracting applause from a misanthrope. He adds:—

"My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer the sum of £150,000, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. George Peabody and Co."

The conditions imposed upon those who have undertaken the management of this large sum of money are very few, but they are solemnly given, and under no circumstances to be departed from. As they are worthy of universal diffusion, we give them in the language of their generous writer:—

"First and foremost among them is the limitation of its uses absolutely and exclusively to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who either by birth or established residence form a recognised portion of the population of London.

"Secondly, it is my intention that now and for all time there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund, of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to local or party politics.

"Thirdly, in conformity with the foregoing conditions, it is my wish and intention that the sole qualifications for a participation in the benefits of this fund shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of 'the poor' of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society. It must therefore be held to be a violation of my intentions if any duly qualified and deserving claimant were to be excluded either on the grounds of religious belief or of political bias.

"Without in the remotest degree desiring to limit your discretion in the selection of the most suitable means of giving effect to these objects, I may be permitted to throw out for your consideration, among the other projects which will necessarily occupy your attention, whether it may not be found conducive to the conditions specified above, for their ultimate realization, and least likely to present difficulties on the grounds I have pointed out for avoidance, to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine in the utmost possible degree the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy."

For this generous act, coupled with other numerous recommendations, Mr. Peabody was in July, 1862, presented with the freedom of the City of London, and whilst accepting the honour, on that occasion he spoke with the modesty of a man who conceived that he had done nothing beyond a duty.

#### A TRIP BY RAIL FROM MELBOURNE TO BALLARAT IN 1862.

THE English public are no doubt well acquainted with the name of Ballarat, the celebrated gold-field in Victoria, which has been the source of so much success to a lucky few, and of misery to many; but it is possible that many are ignorant of the fact that this once famous place is now connected with Melbourne by railway. What was ten years ago a howling wilderness is now a flourishing town, and can be reached by a four hours'

journey from the metropolitan city—a considerable abbreviation of a journey that not long ago took two days to perform.

One May morning in the current year of 1862, the writer found himself ensconced in a snug first-class carriage on the Geelong line, on his way to Ballarat, with a return ticket in his pocket. The puffing and impatient locomotive was attached to the train, the guard blew his whistle, and the long line of carriages passed out of the Melbourne terminus.

Passing by Footscrag and Williamstown, lying in a low swampy country, we rapidly sped across the plains which lie between Geelong and Melbourne, until the train stopped at the Werribee River, then the site of the great volunteer encampment. A long line of tents was pitched on the bank of the river, and serried masses could be perceived performing their military evolutions, while here and there the gay uniforms of cavalry, artillerymen, and rifles enlivened the scene.

At Geelong the train passed on to the Ballarat line, which there turns sharply to the right, and runs through a level tract of country. The first object of interest on this line is the great viaduct, spanning the Moorabool Creek. This fine piece of engineering is 1450 feet long and 110 feet high. The piers, composed of solid blue stone, are nine in number, and contain 420,000 cubic feet of stone. Latticed iron girders of a span of 130 feet are thrown across these piers, and, though of a light and fragile appearance, are capable of supporting 15,000 ton weight. The total cost of this magnificent viaduct was £230,000. A few miles farther brought us to Lethbridge, where there are fourteen patent stone-crushing machines, for preparing ballast for the line, which have been found to effect a great saving in expenditure. The country above Lethbridge begins to ascend, and is more thickly wooded. At Warrenheip the summit level was reached—1700 feet above the Geelong junction; and four hours after leaving Melbourne we entered Ballarat, the premier gold-field of Australia, and at present a most prosperous town.

It is not an easy matter to convey to the reader a correct idea of this wonderful place, so unlike any other. On every side may be seen the evidences of its peculiar origin; and at a first glance it presents the appearance of an enormous cemetery, from the number of mounds of earth thrown up by excavation. Ballarat is now a town built on the site of *deserted diggings*, and the curious admixture of both gives it quite a unique appearance.

As we wished to have a comprehensive view of the place, we first proceeded to the top of the tower of the Fire Brigade Office, from which a splendid panoramic view is obtained. The principal part of the town lies in a hollow, surrounded on all sides but one with hills, into which natural depression, by the fluvial action of past ages, the vast stores of precious metal were conveyed. The surface deposits, however, have been worked out, and the ground is now partly occupied by the habitations of the miners, and partly exposes to view the old worked-out claims. But deep sinking has here replaced the process of alluvial washing or surfacing, and shafts of great depth have been sunk in every direction. At various levels lateral drives have been made from the shafts, and consequently the whole substratum of the site of the town is undermined and honey-combed.

The *coup d'œil* afforded from this elevated position is particularly fine. Below may be traced that part of the town, with its broad streets and handsome edifices, called the "Camp," from the fact of its being the site of the commissioner's offices and police barracks in former times. Beyond, an immense space is occupied by num-

berless wooden houses, mingled here and there with the tall smoking chimneys of quartz-crushing mills. A kindly disposed friend pointed out to us certain localities which possess to the dweller in Ballarat a traditional interest. Here was the place where the great "Nil Desperandum" nugget was found; there the place where a fearful boiler explosion took place; and further on—a spot possessing a still more melancholy interest—the site of the famous Eureka stockade, which some misguided miners in 1854 held in defiance of law and order, and which proved the last resting-place of many a gallant but rebellious spirit.

To the east the view is bounded by the distant mountains of Buninyong and Warrenheip; and on the west lies the low country surrounding the margin of Lake Burrumbeet. A little beyond Soldiers' Hill, so called because in 1854 the troops sent up to quell the rioters here encamped, is the Black Hill, which is now being excavated like a quarry. A number of quartz-crushing mills have been erected at its base, and all appear busy at work.

Having thus taken a bird's-eye view of the town, we descended for the purpose of a closer inspection. The appearance of Ballarat is very different from what it presented on our previous visit in 1858. In those days everything was in a very primitive state, and most of the habitations consisted of canvas tents. The dress of the people was also of a simple character; and in a word, the condition of things did not bespeak any degree of refinement. Now, a great alteration has taken place. The population has settled down, the streets are well laid out, and the houses and shops not very inferior to those of Melbourne. The Banks, the Theatre, the Hospital, Jail, and the Mechanics' Institute, are all handsome edifices, built principally of granite and blue stone.

The great object of interest, however, at Ballarat, of course lies in the appliances adapted for extracting the precious metal from its virgin ore. We accordingly paid a visit to one of the quartz-crushing-mills already spoken of, lying at the foot of the Black Hill. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind, perhaps in the world, and has sixty stampers at work. The quartz, after having been quarried from the vein, is conveyed in boxes, which empty themselves into receptacles, where the quartz is exposed to the action of these stampers. After being sufficiently pounded, it passes into a box, from which it is washed by a running stream down grooves of wire-gauze placed on an inclined plane. The gold, by its superior specific gravity, is thus freed, and the extraneous materials are carried away. The precious metal, still intermixed with other adventitious matter, is then conveyed into a *drum*, which revolves on its axis, and, being thus thoroughly sifted, is in a fit state to be amalgamated. Though it is a very interesting sight to see the wonderful result of skilful mechanism, and the power of steam in its application to the arts, an inspection of these mills is by no means agreeable. The noise made by the stampers utterly precludes a word being spoken; and it is quite impossible to have the most difficult parts of the internal arrangements explained.

From the Black Hill we proceeded to the other end of the town, for the purpose of descending one of the shafts, where the deep sinking is going on. The hoisting and lowering process is entirely done by machinery, moved by steam power. Two generally go down together by means of a cradle, in which they stand and hold firmly on by the supporters. To the uninitiated, a descent into the bowels of the earth is a formidable undertaking. We first divested ourselves of our clothing, and donned the garb of miners, and, so attired, were led to the mouth of the shaft. We were particularly admonished to stand



perfectly upright, keep the elbows well in, and not to look up, for the shaft is scarcely two and a half feet wide. Taking up our position, at a given signal we suddenly dropped into darkness, and commenced a rapid descent. The sensation is hardly pleasant at first, and the "swish" of the water, forced from the numberless springs on every side, does not tend to heighten the sense of security. After a steady but rapid descent, we were made aware of the fact of being four hundred feet below the surface by a sharp concussion, and stepped from the cradle into a kind of vestibule lighted up with candles, where we found the miners employed in this pit eating their dinners. Two of them, however, promptly presented themselves as guides, and, giving us each a candle, led the way along the main drive. This is slabbed a-top, and supported on the sides by pillars, which rest on foot-pieces; but, even with all these precautions, the process of "creeping" is so great as in many places to grind away the wood and split the pillars. Along this drive we proceeded at a slow pace, and in a stooping attitude, for 1200 yards, most of the way in water. At the termination of this subterranean tunnel, our attention was directed to the "lead," or vein of washing-stuff, and, a pick being presented to us, we struck off a piece of clay, about the size of a goose's egg, to take away as a specimen. This piece we subsequently found to contain half an ounce of gold. The washing-stuff is placed in waggons, and brought to the bottom of the shaft, up which it is hoisted and then run off into puddling-machines, where the gold is separated from the clay. This process is very simple, and, though the working is expensive, on account of the depth, yet the profits are enormous. The mine in question belongs entirely to a party of working miners, and, at the present time, yields a profit of £50 a-week to each shareholder. Those who are not shareholders work for wages, getting £2 10s. a-week for eight hours' work per diem.

As we were penetrating this gloomy tunnel, we reached the mouth of another, down which the following ditty came plaintively, mellowed by distance. Who the vocalist was we could not tell, but the strain was strange in such a place. It was probably some roving adventurer, who had served in the Mexican war, and now was trying his fortune at the diggings.

"I wish I was in Mexico—  
Ah, hurrah for Santa Anna,  
There you go through frost and snow,  
Across the plains of Mexico.

"I wish I was General Jackson's son—  
Ah, hurrah for Santa Anna,  
He's the boy to make them run  
Across the plains of Mexico."

I have before spoken of the Fire Brigade Office. This is a most necessary and useful establishment, considering that in Ballarat, composed as it is mostly of wooden houses, fires are of frequent occurrence. A fine fire-engine is kept here, the firemen of which belong to the Ballarat Fire Brigade, and it has proved of essential service on several occasions. A sentinel keeps watch all the night on the top of the tower, and his light, glistening high over the town, like some Pharos erected for the storm-driven mariner, awoke in us feelings of respect for the humane spirit of civilization, as well as the beneficent application of art and science. How different from the selfish and helpless abandonment of the savage who formerly roamed over these wastes!

When leaving Ballarat the next morning, we were detained at the railway station more than half an hour. Every now and then a porter would seize a bell, and, running a little down the line, ring it furiously—whether to summon lingering stragglers we could not discover.

At Lethbridge we were treated to a fair specimen of colonial badinage, commonly called "chaff:" such as, "Do you ever go home?" "How did you leave your friends in Van Dieman's Land?" "I say, mate—" "I'm not a mate, I'm a capt'ing." "Are you? then, sure, it's in the Fire Brigade!"

At Geelong a remarkable spectacle, approaching in character to a chip of the Chinese Feast of Lanterns, was presented to us. Three porters, with dark lanterns, rushed hastily up and down the platform, followed by a dense crowd. This was repeated three times, when a whistle sounded, the lanterns flashed, a few shrieks were heard, and a tremendous stamping, and this interesting ceremony vanished out of sight.

We reached Melbourne late in the evening, with every reason to congratulate ourselves in having accomplished so novel and so interesting a journey.

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

RICHARD PORSON.

Or Porson my recollection is saddening; for I only knew him in the last years of his life, and, I am sorry to add, sometimes under circumstances of which there could be no good reason to boast. I was beginning to seek my information about society, and the ways of life among all sorts of men, and in a curious variety of places. The object of my studies was men and manners—not, like Porson's, classics and Greek; and yet it was odd to find why and where we occasionally met.

In London, in those days, there was less formality than there is now; and the learned Professor was prone to enjoy its festive hours, and recreate in the rather chance-medley of its mixed population. In him the strong and the weak, the great and the small, were strangely combined. His whole career, if I may use the term, was accidental and capricious, precarious and erratic. The son of a parish clerk, his boyhood promise procured his being sent to Eton, and thence to Cambridge, at both which famed seats of education he excited much admiration by his talent, and some opposition from his professed opinions and habits. Refusing to subscribe the "Articles"—for he was nearly, if not quite, what is called a Rationalist—he necessarily renounced his fellowship, and the Church as a profession, and, devoting himself entirely to literature, was elected Greek Professor, and filled the chair with the highest distinction, as the most profound scholar and critic of his age and country. His editions of the Greek dramatists have exhausted their themes; and his philological and other critical essays will last as long as the languages, monuments of his extraordinary acumen and stupendous intellectual powers. Well might the author of the "Poet's Tale" refer to him in words which predicted his failure in life.

"Porson in Grecian lore you reckon great—  
Will Porson e'er be Minister of State?"

Alas! no; nor aught else half so great as his marvellous gifts might have enabled him to be. The following is all that can be said in mitigation of his besetting frailty. In the prime of life he married a sister of Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," and lost her within six months of their union—an affliction which deeply affected the tenor of his after life. The beginning to steep sorrow in oblivion is a terrible mistake, and almost invariably leads to consequences that never can be retraced. Such, I believe, was the source of this eminent man's sad fall.

"If any pain or care remain,  
Let's drown it in the bowl,"

was a common Anacreontic in the majority of festive companies at the close of the last century, and the Bacchanalian jollity which prevailed over many classes, did not require to be prompted by grief, or limited by want of temptations. Of such temptations I shall endeavour, as my wont is in these memoranda, to afford some idea, by the description of a *scena*, in which the Greek Professor took part, and which will at the same time serve to illustrate the too prevalent social features of the period.

After a dinner given by Tom Hill to a select party—nearly all, like himself, book-men and book-collectors—toasts, as was frequently the case, were the order of the afternoon; and they were agreed to be accompanied by suitable quotations from Shakspeare. Hill, on opening the series of toasts, gave "Mrs. Siddons"—"like Niobe, all tears." John Kemble gave "Richard Brinsley Sheridan." Jennings, (a strange character, whose life was a comedy,) whose turn came next, asked Kemble to assist him. "Ay, there's the rub," whispered John; but the virtuoso, with more than his usual felicity, looking at his neighbour, (who had just then offered an apology in the newspapers, commencing "J. P. Kemble," etc.) gave "J. P. Kemble"—"ay, there's the rub." Others I cannot remember. There were Morris, of the Museum, Raine, brother to the Master of the Charterhouse, Dr. Haworth, of St. Bartholomew's; and last came the Professor, who at the call woke up, and gave "Gilbert Wakefield"—"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" To do justice to the effect of this happy sally, I may inform readers not "up" to the controversial literature of that day, that Wakefield, also a learned Grecian, had in his "*Silva Critica*" commented upon Hecuba (Euripides)—a commentary which Porson passed over without notice when writing on the same subject. Hence, within twenty-four hours, Wakefield published his diatribe, and reproached him with the title, "*in usum tyrannum*," when there exist difficulties of the gravest nature; a criticism which the Professor had partly anticipated, yet warmly resented. Hence the retort.

At Cambridge, as I have hinted, Porson was generally in hot water with the dignitaries of his College, Trinity. Mansell, afterwards Master, and Bishop of Bristol, was his abhorrence; and he used to relate a story of matchless hypocrisy, attached to Dean Backhouse (who annoyed him on every occasion), which created a great stir in the university, calling for inquiries and expulsion. I have some lines by Porson on this subject. They are immodest and offensive—aberrations inspired by the genius of the looser times of English poetry, and not that of his immortal classics, *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*.

The place where I saw most of Porson was the residence of Mr. Wilson, a very ingenious and respectable watchmaker in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. He was a compatriot of mine from a lovely land (far different from the purlieus of Saint Bride), and an idolater of the illustrious Professor. Their association, to the very verge to which he could safely and decorously accompany the latter, was extremely intimate, and within the limits of becoming mirth; it was no ordinary enjoyment to spend hours in Wilson's cosy parlour, and listen to a flow of gaiety and intelligence unsurpassed by the most humorous, unequalled by the most learned. It was indeed a treat to hear him pour out his stores of anecdote, his racy remarks on passing events, and his marvellous, almost incredible, abundance of literary illustrations of antiquity and past times, drawn, as it seemed, from every channel into which the mind of man could penetrate. His reading was prodigious, and so was his memory. In his boyhood it had been cultivated without the aid

of pens and paper, or even pencils and slates; and the result resembled what we now see proclaimed as a novelty in rival schools; where the wonders advertised, from exercise in the same system, are enough to stagger Mr. Biddle, should his faculty have enlarged with his years, and his calculations beat Babbage's machine. Be that as it may, Porson's natural mnemonics produced an extraordinary retentiveness of memory. It appeared as if he had read thousands of volumes, and not forgotten a single line—in many cases, a single word; and the way in which he was ever bringing quotations into juxtaposition, and to bear upon any subject that happened to arise for discussion, was hardly to be imagined, and about as hardly to be credited without being verified by personal experience. Sir James Mackintosh (as I have stated, "*Leisure Hour*," No. 449) alone approached him, perhaps, in this respect; but his acquirements were not so universal, nor his resources so vast. With all this, his conversation was lively and entertaining, and no one could retire from his society without increased admiration of the versatility of his mind and the depth of his learning.

The beauty of his handwriting was a peculiarity not unworthy of notice. Dealing with languages, this was an essential advantage to his manuscripts and their accurate transformation into type. I never saw it surpassed; and his annotations, to be looked at in the British Museum, are well deserving of the attention of the caligrapher. Clear penmanship in authors is as valuable in its sphere as distinct speaking is to the orator; and, as the schoolmaster is abroad, I would advise him to copy a lesson from Porson, and send his pupils up more confidently for Government examinations.

On the foundation of the City Library, and its location in the Old Jewry, the Professor was elected Librarian, with a liberal salary and comfortable apartments. But, pitiable to state, his intemperate and irregular habits had become more and more inveterate; and his sub-librarians had to endure some distressing circumstances in their endeavours to keep him in propriety and respect. They were excellent and kind men, too, and could appreciate the good qualities and astonishing ability of their superior. Mr. Ilbery, afterwards a well-read bookseller, and Mr. Upcott, the celebrated collector of literary treasures, filled these offices; and I have often heard of the pain they suffered in the imposed *quasi* guardianship and care of the wreck of their chief, when—but I will drop the curtain on his infirmities. Too many have dissipated the rich endowments of nature; too many have abused the gifts which God has bestowed upon them.

"If such a man there be,  
Who would not weep if *Atticus* were he!"

In September, 1808, and only in his forty-ninth year, he fell down in the street, and epilepsy was found to be the cause of his death. His life affords a pregnant example and lesson to every literary aspirant and learned student; and from his tomb they may with trembling hear the voice and guard their course.

#### THE NIGHT SKY OF THE SOUTH.

Uron losing sight of the Lizard in the hazy distance, and bidding farewell for a season to the shores of fatherland, thought was naturally directed to the "Bay of Biscay, O," the flying-fish of the tropics, and the regions of the southern hemisphere. Though somewhat familiar with "blue water," the deep sea of the sailor, it had been exclusively in home or rather higher latitudes; and hence, while impressed by the loneliness of the ocean, and the magnificent sweep of its huge billows, nothing

had occurred apart from this lower world to arrest the eye and excite the imagination. The stars glowing in the sphere were old acquaintances—those which had been often marked at eventide from the fields round the homestead of early days; but it was otherwise after a brief passage in the new direction, and in a very marked manner as it was pursued, crossing the northern tropic and the oft talked of Line, which was done without hop, skip, or jump, just as quietly as we had cut the waves of Plymouth Sound. The sun, in daily attendance as usual only aspired higher in his march across the sky, and struck hotter than would have been apparent had we stayed on the banks of the Avon; and the difference of temperature produced a great change in habits and feelings. Rarely could the deck be encountered upon leaving port in the middle of April, without extra covering as a defence from wind or rain. But in a fortnight, only the lightest clothing could be endured; no visitor was so welcome as a breeze; and the long, long evenings, with their gorgeous sunsets, were seasons of delightful existence. The moon, too, only appeared brighter, fairer, and better defined, through a more transparent atmosphere. But the stars were different. Walking the deck on fine nights, the heavens seemed palpably changed; and the thought of being far, far from home was impressed upon the mind with a power never known before. Stars, which had been watched in the northern sky with interest and delight in the days of childhood and youth, drooped towards the horizon, and were at length looked for in vain. Others customarily seen towards the south were high overhead, while strangers appeared in the direction we were pursuing, ascending higher and higher, till there was almost a new heaven aloft, without any intimation that the old earth had passed away. It was evident enough, on casting anchor in the river Plata, opposite Buenos Ayres, just as gusts of wind betokened a hurricane from the pampas, that bodily wants were the same under all skies, for there were men in throngs at the execrable landing-place, white, black, and sallow, bawling, scrambling, and squabbling for the honour of supplying wants of a very terrestrial nature.

To stay-at-home people, especially if they have sons, brothers, or cousins in garrison at the Cape, shop-keeping at Sidney, Melbourne, and Auckland, or gold-seeking and sheep-farming on the outskirts of civilization, a notice of the night-sky upon which they gaze may not be unacceptable. All around them, in relation to sun, moon, air, earth, and sea, is substantially the same as with us, only their own shadows at high noon are deflected towards the south, and ours fall towards the north. But the stars are different. Orion with his hands, the resplendent Sirius, the zodiacal constellations, and others of north declination, are common to them and to ourselves. But there are bright lights aloft in their firmament which we never see, while our circumpolar asterisms are to them invisible. Observers north and south of the equator can see the stars of the opposite hemisphere to as many degrees from the equinoctial as their own latitude lacks of 90°. Thus at London, in latitude 51½°, a zone of 38° of the southern heavens rises above the horizon; and at the Cape, in latitude 34° south, a zone of 56° of the northern sky is within the range of apparition. It may be of interest to some to state, that the uppermost star in the belt of Orion is very nearly on the equinoctial—the line of division between the northern and southern celestial hemispheres—and therefore comes nearly to the zenith of all places at the equator.

Generally speaking, the southern sky is extremely dissimilar to the northern, not only in the grouping of the stars, but in its whole character. There are many

large tracts or spaces of deep and solemn blackness—starless voids to the unaided vision—which do not occur, or but rarely, in our own firmament. But these unlighted spaces give great effect to the constellations, and render them in a high degree rich and magnificent. They are very “superb things,” said Sir John Herschel, in a public address on his return from star-gazing in the opposite hemisphere. The Milky Way offers another point of contrast, as it is most resplendent, and at the same time has its greatest development, in the southern circumpolar region. It passes in a blaze of light from the equinoctial to within twenty degrees of the south pole, strangely interrupted, however, in several parts of its course, with vacant and almost starless patches. Yet, notwithstanding these blanks, as they appear to the naked eye, the southern firmament, telescopically examined, is supposed to be somewhat richer in stars than the northern. This would seem to indicate that our system is not situated exactly in the plane of the Galactic circle, but is displaced a little towards the north.

On reaching the latitude of the Mediterranean, the principal object in Argo Navis comes within the range of visibility, bearing the name of the mythological pilot Canopus. This is a star of the first magnitude, and ranks next to Sirius in the heavens, in point of lustre. Job and the patriarchs must often have marked its brilliance; the old Greeks and Egyptians were very familiar with it; but to all parts of the earth, of higher latitude than the south coasts of Europe, it is invisible. Some of the Greeks are said to have embraced the notion of the earth's sphericity, from the fact that Canopus, which they could only see close to the horizon, appeared several degrees above it in Egypt.

Passing within the tropics, the constellation of the Cross may be hailed, but is not conspicuous till the equator is approached. This is the finest and most interesting object in the southern sky, familiar by name to European readers through the medium of St. Pierre's popular tale of “Paul and Virginia.” It never fails to arrest the attention of all travellers and voyagers. Well is the impression remembered which a passage in the travels of Von Spix and Martius, in Brazil, made upon the mind in early life, little thinking that the opportunity would ever occur of marking the glorious vision, and watching its changing positions from the South American pampas. “On the 15th of June, in lat. 14°,” says the record, “we beheld for the first time that glorious constellation of the southern heavens, the Cross, which is to navigators a token of peace, and, according to its position, indicates the hour of the night. We had long wished for this constellation as a guide to the other hemisphere; we therefore felt inexpressible pleasure when we perceived it in the resplendent firmament. We all contemplated it with feelings of profound devotion, as a type of our salvation; but the mind was especially elevated at the sight of it, by the reflection that even into the region which this beautiful constellation illumines, under the significant name of the Cross, the European has carried the noblest attributes of Christianity, and, impelled by the most exalted feelings, endeavours to spread them more and more in the remotest regions.” The latter part of the passage is more correct at present than in the time of the writers.

Three great stars form the Cross, one at the top, a second at the left arm, and a third, the largest, called Alpha, at the foot. They are so placed as to suggest the idea of a crucifix, even without the help of a small star at the right arm, which completes the horizontal beam. The constellation is situated close to the hinder legs and under the body of Centaurus. Originally designated by the Spanish and Portuguese mariners, it was first regu-



larly formed out of Halley's observations, by Augustin Royer, and published in his maps in 1679. The two stars which mark the foot and summit are the pointers to the south pole. Having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the Cross is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. As it rises it inclines to the eastward, and as it sets leans over to the westward. Observers have carefully noted at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the position is erect or inclined; and hence these stars answer the purpose of a useful time-piece. "How often," remarks Humboldt, "have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the deserts extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!'" Our highly gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, assuming the character of a native of old Spain, settled within sight of the cruciform group, has gracefully sung respecting it:—

"But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,  
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,  
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,  
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

"Thou recallest the age when first o'er the main,  
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,  
And planted their faith in the regions that see  
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

"How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,  
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,  
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep  
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

"And to me as I traverse the world of the west,  
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;  
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,  
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

"Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,  
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not,  
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be  
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

"But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,  
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine;  
And my soul, like an eagle exulting and free,  
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee!"

Another sacred poet, James Montgomery, has the following allusions to the southern sky in some stanzas addressed, in 1821, to his friend Mr. Bennett, of Sheffield, about to undertake a voyage to Otaheite, on the business of the London Missionary Society:—

"Go, take the wings of morn,  
And fly beyond the utmost sea;  
Thou shalt not find thyself forlorn  
Thy God is still with thee.

And where his Spirit bids thee dwell,  
There, and there only, thou art well.

"Soon the wide world, between  
Our feet, conglobes its solid mass;  
Soon lands and waters intervene,  
Which I must never pass:

Soon day and night with thee are changed,  
Seasons reversed, and clime estranged.

"When tropic gloom returns,  
Mark what new stars their vigils keep.  
How glares the *Wolf*, the *Phoenix* burns;  
And on a stormless deep,  
The *Ship* of heaven, the patriarch's *Dove*,  
The emblem of redeeming love.\*

"While these enchant thine eye,  
O think how often we have walked—  
Gazed on the glories of our sky;  
Of higher glories talked,  
Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,  
And burned within us by the way."

In the latitude of the Cape, Melbourne, Sidney, and thence southward, the Southern Cross is within the circle of constant apparition, like the Great Bear to ourselves, being about thirty degrees from the south pole. It is seen through its whole revolution, and consequently in every variety of position. "I have observed it," says

Captain Basil Hall, referring to a cruise in the former locality, "in every stage, from its triumphant erect position, between sixty and seventy degrees above the horizon, to that of complete inversion, with the top beneath, and almost touching the water. This position, by the way, always reminded me of the death of St. Peter, who is said to have deemed it too great an honour to be crucified with his head upwards. In short, I defy the stupidest mortal that ever lived, to watch these changes in the aspect of this splendid constellation, and not to be in some degree struck by them."

In a passage of Dante's "Vision of Purgatory," the four stars of the south are referred to, as symbolising the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance; and it has somewhat puzzled the ingenuity of commentators to account for the allusion.

"To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind  
On the other pole attentive, where I saw  
Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken  
Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays  
Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site! bereft  
Indeed, and widowed since of these deprived."

This passage, containing a clear allusion to the south pole and its quadruple stars, is very remarkable, since the era of Dante, 1265-1321, long antedated the maritime expeditions which made the Portuguese and Spaniards, first among the Europeans, acquainted with tropical skies and waters. If it was simply a poetic invention, it certainly is one of the most felicitous and extraordinary on record. But very probably some accurate information respecting the southern hemisphere might be circulated in Europe prior to the age of actual observation, through the medium of the Arabs. Mention is made of a globe constructed by an Arabian in Egypt, with the date of the year 622 of the Hegira, corresponding to the year 1225 of our era, on which the constellation was figured.

Two nebulous or cloudy masses of light appear not far from the pole, opposite to the cross, the *nubecula major* and *minor*, called the Magellanic clouds, from the navigator Magellan, one of their first European observers, but popularly known to mariners as the "coal-sacks." They are conspicuously visible to the naked eye, and seem not unlike portions of the Milky Way, of the same apparent size. The greater cloud occupies an area of about forty square degrees; the lesser is one-fourth smaller. Strong moonlight totally obliterates the latter, but not quite the former. In the greater, faintly discernible by the unaided eye, is the singular nebula long noticed as resembling the nucleus of a small comet, but which, when submitted to telescopic power, shines with great splendour, and exhibits the singular shape of a number of loops, or a kind of "true lover's knot," formed by a bunch of ribbons.

The celebrated Halley was the first of our countrymen to visit southern latitudes for the express purpose of examining the stars. When only twenty years of age, in November, 1676, he sailed to St. Helena, liberally supplied with funds by his father, a wealthy merchant of London, and remained two years on the island, not much pleased with the climate nor with the deportment of the governor towards him. But he executed his work in a manner which procured him the name of the Southern Tycho, in allusion to that astronomer's labours on an island of the Baltic. His means consisted of a telescope, a large brass sextant, a quadrant, pendulum clock, and some minor instruments. He formed a catalogue of 350 stars, observed a transit of Mercury, and suggested the use which has since been made of such phenomena in the case of Venus, in determining the distance of the sun from the earth. During the voyage out, the oscillations of the pendulum were found to decrease in number

\* The Southern Cross.

on approaching the equator—a fact noticed a few years before by Richer, and explained by Newton to result from the greater intensity of centrifugal force there, proportionally diminishing the force of gravity. As Charles II had patronised Halley's mission, the astronomer raised the oak of Boscobel to the skies, giving the name of *Robur Carolinum* to one of the southern constellations.

A much more important scientific visit in the same direction was made by Lacaille in the middle of the last century. Provided with far superior instruments, the Abbé went to the Cape, where he measured an arc of the meridian, observed not less than 10,000 stars, and returned to Paris to publish his results. It was to this locality, also, that Sir John Herschel repaired in our own day, bent on ascertaining, as a kind of filial duty, whether the distribution of the stars in the southern hemisphere corresponded with the results of Sir William Herschel's similar labours in the northern. Though public and private aid was offered, it was nobly declined, in the discharge of an obligation so special, which occupied nearly three years, from 1835 to 1838. In order that the observations might admit of comparison with those of his father, they were made according to the same method, and with an instrument of the same optical power; and the results were found to present a remarkable agreement. The whole number of stars counted in the telescope amounted to 68,948, included within 2299 fields of view. Sir John planted his twenty-feet reflector at Feldhausen, six miles from Cape Town, a spot charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of the Table Mountain. "I believe," he remarked, on the occasion of his public reception on his return, "there is scarcely a corner in that part of the southern sky which I have not twice searched over, with almost the power of a microscope; and it may easily be supposed what numerous objects worthy of attention must have shown themselves. By what I have been able to accomplish in Africa, I have been amply rewarded."

Permanent observatories sustained by public funds have been established during the present century at the Cape, Paramatta, and St. Helena. That of Paramatta was founded in 1821 by the late Sir Thomas Brisbane, equally distinguished as a soldier and a man of science: a man too of humble earnest piety. Sir Thomas, when Governor of New South Wales, not only built the Paramatta Observatory, but furnished it with excellent instruments at his own expense, employed two qualified assistants, Messrs. Rümker and Dunlop, to aid him in observation, and published a catalogue of 7385 stars, chiefly southern, as the result of their labours. The Brisbane Catalogue will hand down his name to posterity, as well as the town of Brisbane, on Moreton Bay, the capital of the newly-constituted colony of Queensland.



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

## Varieties.

**THE CROMPTON MEMORIAL.**—In a previous number (No. 513) will be found a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the great cotton manufactures of England, with some notice of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the mule-jenny. A statue (designed by W. Calder Marshall, R.A.) to the memory of Crompton was inaugurated at Bolton on the 24th September. It is of bronze, a sitting figure, representing Crompton at the age of about twenty-seven, when he completed his invention. The front of the Portland stone pedestal bears his name, and the back a record of the origin of the memorial. On one of the sides is a sculptured bronze bas-relief of the young inventor making his first machine, called by him a mule, as uniting the features of the ruder machines of Arkwright and Hargreaves. On the other side is a bas-relief of the now classical Hall-i'-th'-Wood, his humble Elizabethan home near Bolton. Though Crompton and his descendants made no profit by the invention, he brought untold wealth to his country, and the Hall-i'-th'-Wood has proved the source of more treasure than all the mines of California.



THE HALL-I'-TH'-WOOD.

**FIRES.**—From the report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the existing arrangements for the protection of life and property against fire in the metropolis, it appears that twenty years ago the number of fires in London was about 450, and that last year the total number was 1183. According to Sir Richard Mayne's estimate, the whole of the metropolitan police area, and the City of London together, extending over about 700 square miles, may be considered as containing rather above 3,000,000 of inhabitants, residing in about 475,000 houses, and the rental for taxation about £14,800,000. The magnitude of the interest at stake was also shown by Mr. Newmarch, who stated in his evidence that the total value of property insurable against fire within six miles of Charing Cross is not less than £900,000,000, and of this not more than about £300,000,000 is insured. It was further shown that this insured property now bears, through the medium of the fire-offices, the expense of the present Fire Brigade establishment. After reviewing the principal topics brought before them by a large number of witnesses, the committee, by a majority of seven to five, agreed to recommend that the Fire Brigade should be made a department of the Metropolitan Police.

**LONDON SOCIETY.**—I see all around me acting a part, pursuing they know not what, yet as eager in the pursuit as if eternal happiness depended on it. An anxiety to go everywhere, to know everybody, to associate with those above them in position, seems a marked feature of the polished inhabitants of London. Like flies caught in a bottle of honey, all are smothered in disgusting sweets, and all are trying to rise above each other, no matter how. The distinctions of vice and virtue are broken down. "Well-dressed, well-bred, well-equipped," is a passport for every door. The affected lip-deep homage paid to virtue, while every knee bows to Baal, wherever he appears clad in purple and fine linen, spreads a varnish over vice, which only throws it out in stronger colours and darker deformity. I was made for a better life.—*Remains of Mrs. Trench.*